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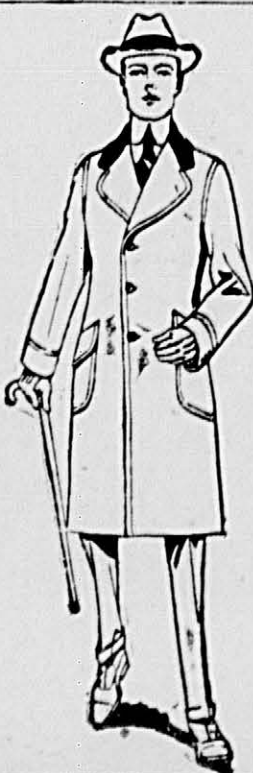
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TOP O' THE MARNIN' TO YOU

ALLIES WERE IN NASTY POSITION

Captain "Doge" Windeler's Description of Gallipoli.

NOW STATIONED AT SUEZ

Newfoundlanders Rushed from
Suvla to Helles Without
Christmas Dinner.

Captain H. S. (Doge) Windeler, Sci. 11, who went overseas with the Newfoundland contingent and is now brigade machine gun officer with the 29th Division at Suez, Egypt, writes to a friend at the University describing the ordeal through which the British passed at Gallipoli and the successful manner in which the peninsula was evacuated. Captain Windeler writes: "Received our first mail to-day since December 9, and the interval between has been full of incidents. To start with, as you know, Huzac and Suvla were evacuated by us on the nights of the 29th and 21st. Think I wrote you at Christmas, but a mist sure. Anyway, after the storm and flood at Suvla, where we lost many men from drowning and exposure, on November 25th and the three succeeding days it was decided to evacuate. Our brigade took over the 86th line as well as our own, and the last night withdrew in four consecutive parties from the firing line and embarked without being shelled. We were taken to Imbros, expecting a long-earned rest; but, no, after two days, one of which was very wet and no shelter for the men, we were re-embarked and arrived at Helles on Christmas Eve with no kit, no food save bully beef and biscuits. All mails were stopped on December 9, so we got no Christmas parcels. Here at Helles we were in reserve until New Year's Eve. Being in reserve meant continual shell fire, and gradually this increased as the Turks brought shells and guns from Suvla and Anzac. New Year's Eve we went to the firing line to take over and consolidate trenches captured from the Turks two days before. Arms, legs and other parts of the body were strewn around, and all sorts of equipment. As the Turks still remained in these trenches and shelled them by day and night, they were very unhealthy, and our casualties were more than usual. However, our brigade held on.

The Fighting at Helles.

"The fighting at Helles was much more severe than at Suvla. Mines were sunk everywhere, and the shelling was very severe. The Turks had some 6-inch guns and larger, and had lots of high explosive shells. By Jove! but they are nasty! When they burst the whole earth shakes, and pieces of iron fly 200 yards from the point of burst. Their aeroplanes were very active, and I lost a good pal from a cursed bomb dropped from a Taube. It blew him to atoms. Their guns from Achi Baba fired from the front, and their Asiatic armies enfiladed us from Asia. These Asiatic guns used to fire day and night at the beaches where the piers were. Well, to cut it short, it was decided to evacuate Helles also. Our brigade as usual was left in the firing line to the last, and everything of value in rear was shipped off at night. The last night was to be January 8-9, and all went well. Fine nights and no sea. I was sent with the first party and embarked at 8 p.m. with 40 men from brigade headquarters. We eventually arrived in Huddos harbor at 10 a.m. of the 9th and shortly after transferred to the S— of the Allan Line. As Sunday, the 9th, wore on, more boats with troops arrived and soon we knew the evacuation had been successful, and very little shelling had been done by the Turks.

"The last parties left the firing line at 2.30 a.m. At 11.40 p.m. the Turks started bombing some of our sap-heads, but we returned it and all was quiet. The nervous strain each day was no joke, as their aeroplanes were always overhead, and all work had to be done at night so as not to give the show away. The wind got up the last night, and by 4 a.m., Sunday, the 9th, a heavy sea was running, and there was difficulty in embarking the last parties. The S— left for Alexandria on Tuesday early, and we arrived Thursday, 8 a.m., after a peaceful run. Lots to eat, hot baths, drinks of all sorts and beds to sleep in were welcome changes, with no drills or bullets to worry you. I was put in charge of machine guns and mounted six, four forward and two aft. On Wednesday (closed on Page 2.)

St. Patrick's Day

Top o' the morning to you, dear,
And you, my laddy-buck,
I hope that on St. Patrick's Day
You'll have the best o' luck.
A four-leaved Shamrock may you find,
A cast-off horseshoe, too,
And all good wishes, every kind,
I wish them all to you.
I'll pray the good St. Patrick heap
His blessings on your head,
That you may live a hundred years,
Nor even then be dead;
A merry life—a happy one—
For nothing may you pine;
And many thousand other things,
I wish you, friends of mine.
Even though you come from England fair,
Or sunny Zanzibar,
Or live beneath the Southern Cross,
Or high-flung Northern Star,
I'll ask you not forget, my friends,
When Irish hearts are gay,
To wear a little sprig of green,
Upon St. Patrick's Day.
—T. J. KELLY, B.A.,
Law '17.

MIDNIGHT LIST OF CASUALTIES

Ottawa, March 17.—The following is the list of casualties issued at midnight:

- 1st Battalion.**
Slightly wounded—Lance-Corporal Percy G. Prior, England.
- 2nd Battalion.**
Wounded—Alfred Bunkall, England.
- 3rd Battalion.**
Slightly wounded—Henry Clark, Moorefield, Ont.
Previously reported missing, believed killed, now killed in action—Charles Bradshaw, England.
Died of wounds—Walter G. Stephens, England.
- 5th Battalion.**
Wounded—Sergt. Hugh McKenzie, 338 Nairn ave., Elmwood, Winnipeg, Man.; Thomas Crawford, 118 Napier street, Sarnia, Ont.; Corporal Peter Davidson, 461 Bannerman ave., Winnipeg, Man.
- 15th Battalion.**
Previously reported missing, now killed in action—Geo. H. Cleal, Clifton road, Moorpark, Toronto; William P. Henderson, 37 View street, Holyoke, Mass.; Frederick H. Davis, England.
- 17th Battalion.**
Seriously ill—Gordon Padley, Kearney, Ont.; John Leach, Manitowaning, Ont.
- 18th Battalion.**
Wounded—Robert H. Clark, England.
- 21st Battalion.**
Wounded—John W. Lindsay, Deseronto, Ont.; Charles Hayward, England.
- 22nd Battalion.**
Wounded—Pierre Couillard, Farnham, Que.
- 25th Battalion.**
Severely wounded—Frank Oakley, 57 Maynard street, Halifax, N.S.
- 19th Battalion.**
Wounded—John S. Mason, England.
- 5th Field Company, Canadian Divisional Engineers.**
Died—Sapper Thomas H. Rootes, 75 Charron street, Montreal.
No. 1 Canadian General Hospital.
Seriously ill—Wm. A. McClintock, Bragg Creek, Calgary, Alta.

HARRIER CLUB

A special meeting of the Harrier Club is called for Saturday, March 18th, in Strathcona Hall.

What's On

- To-day**
8.15 p.m.—Rustom Rostomjee at R.V.C. on "Tagore."
8.00 p.m.—Mandolin Club at American Presbyterian Church.
- Coming.**
March 18—Play-off Senior Basketball: McGill vs. North Branch.
March 18th—Harrier Club Meeting, Strathcona Hall.
March 19th—"Sunday-Sing" Strathcona Hall, 8.45 p.m.
March 20th—Meeting of Major Clubs at Union, 5.00 p.m.
March 22—Play-off Senior Basketball: McGill vs. North Branch.
March 24—Annual Meeting, Medical Society.

THE MCGILLIKEN AGAIN APPEARS

Paper Has Easy-Reading Make-Up, Well-Balanced Heads.

CREDIT TO THE PRODUCERS

French Censor Decides it Contains No Information of Value to Enemy.

Apparently satisfied that the little publication contained no information which would be of value to the enemy, the French censor at Boulogne has permitted the issue of "The McGilliken." The first copy of the newspaper published among the men of No. 3 Canadian General Hospital (McGill) reached the University yesterday. The McGilliken now appears in printed form and by permission of Colonel H. S. Birke, O.C. No. 3 Canadian General Hospital (McGill). It is printed by the Societe Typo Litho de Boulogne-sur-Mer, and its subscription copy is 25 centimes.

The issue of February 25 is replete with news of the unit and attention is given the varied activities in which the men are engaged. The paper has a clean, easy-reading make-up, with well-balanced headlines.

The news-notes are quite interesting to McGill men. Space will not permit the publication of anything but a synopsis of the news which appears in the little paper, which is indeed a credit to the former members of the staff of McGill Daily who are engaged in its production.

Prominent notice is given to the death of Lt.-Col. H. B. Yates, second in command of the unit. The following lines are addressed "In Memoriam":

We miss him—
Not for clever word or glorious deed
Blazoned upon a trumpet's tongue,
But for the kindly glance
And gentle word on daily round.
He gave us love;

And now, responsive to his gift,
We'll learn to act through love,
And in each look and word,
Memory will note his gesture and his voice.

Y.M.C.A. Activities

A rather lengthy report of a lecture by Prof. John Baillie, M.A., of the University of Edinburgh, is given. The lecture was on the battle of the Marne and was delivered to inaugurate the winter's activities of the Active Service Branch of McGill Y.M.C.A.

A visit to the hospital of a Princess Victoria concert party is also adequately reported.

Charles Burnaby Tinsling, Med. '17, new sergeant-major of the unit, is given column space in the publication. A sketch of Sergt.-Major Tinsling's activities at McGill is given, as well as an account of his rapid rise in the hospital.

The subject of "Barracks" is treated in 500 words by G. S., who writes intimately of the "wondrous enchantment" of "Snappy Stories" and of the "agonized turnings and twistings of those trying to locate one soft board." Taken all in all, the men, however, seem to be quite comfortable. Corporal Fry is president of the Men's Mess and Lance-Corporal Elmore and Pte. Roman, members of the committee. Five francs a month are deducted from each man's pay for the Mess Fund.

Soccer Club Formed

The Editor, who is unnamed, under the heading "De Nobis," relates in brief the history of the unit newspaper, with a hope that it may improve as time goes on, and a plea for the co-operation of all ranks.

The Unit Soccer Club has entered a team in the Boulogne league. Lt.-Col. Elder is honorary president of the club; Lt.-Col. McCrae, president, and H. Knowles, acting captain. Capt. Dixon is club representative to the league, which is made up of teams from hospitals in the district.

The departure of Major A. C. P. Howard to resume his duties at the University of Iowa, is noted.

The Royal Red Cross, first class, has been conferred upon Matron MacLachy of the hospital.

Visitors to the hospital included: Colonel Finley, Colonel Cameron, Major Hamilton Gault, Capt. G. C. McDonald, Capt. Anderson, Lieut. Dow, Lieut. Stevenson, Lieut. Badgely, C.F.A., Capt. Blaylock, Mr. Dobell, of Quebec.

The nurses have taken up baseball, played with a tennis ball and a large tent peg as a bat.

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TURKISH ACTS ON ARMENIANS

Told by Armenian, Who Says Turkish Claims are False.

CALLS IT RANK HYPOCRISY

Relatives Have Been Either Annihilated or Driven from Their Homes.

The following statement regarding the course of the Turks toward the Armenians in Turkish territory was written by an Armenian who says he is desirous of making clear the real conditions in the East:

"I am sorry to state that I have not been able to learn anything in regard to my unfortunate relatives. I have applied to the state department, to the American board of mission, and also to one missionary that I learned had just returned from the region where my relatives lived. My investigations show that, if they are not annihilated, they are exiled from their homes to some remote desert. I have just read in the daily papers the Turkish justification of the atrocities. The Turkish government is trying to deceive the world with an explanation, a close study of which will condemn it, even if we did not go outside for witnesses. For the sake of humanity, read it and see how hard they try to disguise themselves and blame the Armenians for the massacres. I am thinking I should do what I can to take off the miserable mask they have put on. I cannot stand this disguise, this hypocrisy, if I am able to stand all the atrocities. How reasonable it looks! How many of the pro-Germans will be easily convinced of the truth and right of the Imperial Ottoman robbery, and how many of the not informed neutrals will be made to believe the statements!"

"The Armenians were existing before the Young Turk government came into existence, but the report refers only historically from 1908, which is the year of the beginning of the horrid government. It says that the Armenians had started an insurrection at Adana. I suppose the imperial robbers think that among the people in whose eyes they want to be justified there will be none to look back to the papers of the year 1908, that there will not be anybody interested enough to refute such a shame-faced lie. But we do not have to open books nor papers to know under what pretenses we were massacred in 1908."

"At the time of the Adana massacres, the Young Turk government was fighting the old Sultan, and they, at the time, explained to the European governments that it was the old Sultan that had caused the massacres. There were commissions appointed, Armenians and Turks. The Armenians members, after that investigation, mysteriously perished. All the Armenians at that time understood that it was the Young Turk government that had done the massacres, with the chance of blaming the old Sultan for it."

"This is the first time that the Turkish government has shown that it was themselves that massacred the Armenians, of course to kill insurrection! While they laid the blame on the old Sultan and called us brothers, they just showed their colors. I myself was called a 'brother' by Dr. Nazim, the secretary of the committee of union and progress—fountain of all evil—even long after the Balkan war."

"Then comes the humiliation they claim to have suffered at the hands of Armenians in Egypt. Armenians in Russia and elsewhere made a representation to European governments for some kind of reform. The Turkish government admitted the need of reforms, and with the co-operation of the Russian and German embassies, they made a plan for the reforms necessary and even began executing it. Alas, the war broke out. The first thing the Turkish government did was to annul the arrangement for reforms. European inspectors were called back from the interior of Asia Minor."

"The Turkish government, reciting these events, put the finger on the causes of this massacre. They say that, 'although we did not own up at the time, we massacred you in 1908, and in 1913 we hated to make reforms, but we had to under the pressure of European powers. We gave in at the time. And in 1918—we, well, the old Sultan was dethroned in ten days, therefore we had to cut short of our annihilation business. We were just waiting, as you, the Armenians, know how cunning we can be. We can call you brothers while we are sharpening our daggers. Oh, if we but have a chance when the European powers cannot interfere in our bloodshed!'"

"Time rolls on. They see their dreams realized. What is that? European war. Germany, their apparent friend, is fighting the Russians, the apparent sponsor of the Armenians; the English, the apparent protector of small nations; France, the lover of liberty. The report says that Armenians sided with the Allies at the start, before the Turks joined the war. So did the Turks side with the Germans."

"In this statement the government is correct, but in the light of the above cited facts, to use their own phrase, which nation could throw a stone for that feeling? Remember feeling only, and apparently and of-

1917 ANNUAL

Come, gather round with gamesome bound, my merry little chicks,
And the editor, kind-hearted, will your ready cash transfix;
Then you'll be the proud possessors of the finest book e'er seen,
'Tis the ANNUAL—the ANNUAL of Nineteen Seventeen.

Now, the violence to your pocket is two bucks and fifty cents,
But I'm sure you'll all admit that it is more than recompense.
And in case your lady friend wants one—come on, say,
don't be mean—
Remember 'tis the ANNUAL of Nineteen Seventeen.

For within this wondrous paragon are stories by the score,
With drawings, poems, essays, jokes and articles galore;
E'en the most experienced Sophomore may yet some knowledge glean
From the pages of the ANNUAL of Nineteen Seventeen.

And the photographs—well, say, old hoss, they simply can't be better;
There you see your little Rosie looking just like when you met her.
But her squint has been deleted and her cheeks are not so green
In the ANNUAL—the ANNUAL of Nineteen Seventeen.

Now, perhaps you think I'm stuffing you, and pull the crafty leer;
Do you want to test the matter? Why, just hand your money here.
If you don't find all I've mentioned you can knock me on the bean
With the ANNUAL—the ANNUAL of Nineteen Seventeen.

The ANNUAL will make its appearance in about three weeks, and will be on sale at the different buildings. The price is \$2.50.

SCISSORED SENTIMENT

MAKING GOOD

Before the college bar of justice the grind stands condemned. Oft of yore, the man who concentrated on narrow bookish interests was a mighty power with his weapons of intellectual accuracy. Now he stands dethroned, shorn of his glory by the wide swing of the pendulum of public opinion. He has become an object of pity.

To-day we pay tribute to the "big" men in college; we estimate a man often in terms of his honors. Even as the freshman departs from his home his ears ring with the modern slogan, "get out and make good."

It is true that the initial force of the pendulum was furnished by the insistent call for broader men to a fuller and more abundant life. But results argue that the sheer momentum of the start has caused an acceleration which has carried the swing far beyond the point intended by the applicants of the original force.

For what are college men to go out? When are they making good? There seems to be an abundance of more or less hazy opinion on these points. We find insistence on the going out. Men seem inclined to coat themselves with a light veneer of the many-sided life which must crack and rub off as soon as it comes into contact with the friction of test.

If their names are not followed with a long list of honors, not printed on the stationery of some club or organization, not sounded at the end of a college yell—some men feel that the year falling. They are perturbed because someone else holds a higher position than they do, because someone else's name appears in larger type than does theirs.

These men must be disillusioned. They cannot be leaders by merely saying so. They can never make good managers by merely being elected. They can never be men of distinction by merely being appointed. They must be these things.

True success must combine with it something substantial. Superficiality can never take the place of application. The printer's devil, working for a mite per week, can set men's names in 36-point type, "but only a few men in a generation set up the physical, moral and mental monuments that make the man."—Colgate Madisonensis.

POSTING GRADES

For a long time it has been an accepted and approved custom in the Law Department to post all term grades, and to place quiz papers where all who come may read. The custom has undoubtedly served as a stimulus to study, and has helped to create a keener interest in grades, as well as frankness on the part of the students.

The posting of grades has, in fact, served as an advertisement for scholarship. It has kept the importance of success in one's courses more constantly in the minds of the students. The custom has done for all of the students in the department what students frequently do for themselves; namely, it has subjected them to sterner requirements with the result that success or failure, whichever may have been their lot, has been more keenly felt.

It has served to call the attention of the student himself in the most certain and definite terms to the exact extent of his failure or success, to encourage him to continue in his good work if his grades were high, and to lead him to censure himself for his failure if his grades were low. Few students look upon their mediocre grades with the same indifference with which they would look upon them if they knew that no one else knew of their deficiency.

At first the general posting of grades might be objectionable to many students, but after the custom became established it would be looked upon as desirable. He who comes to the University primarily to study could not object; and he who did not come with the primary purpose of studying, likewise could not object if he sincerely believes that good grades are not important. He were inconsistent to depreciate good grades, and then fear the consequence of the public knowledge that he had made only poor ones.

If the plan of posting grades has been used with a wholesome and beneficial effect in the Law Department, could it not then be used with like advantage in the University at large?—The Daily Texan.

SPELLING CLASS FORMED

On account of a tendency, which is quite a vogue among the students of Columbia University to take liberties with the English language in the matter of spelling, a class to correct bad spelling was started by one of the college lecturers. About 40 students took advantage of the class, which, from the production of spelling given, in answer to the exercises, most strikingly demonstrated the need for its institution.

MANDOLIN PLAYERS.

The McGill Mandolin Club is to take part in the annual concert of the American Presbyterian Church this evening. Free supper served at 6.30 p.m. Programme begins at 8. Bring your mandolins and music. Remember, the date was changed to March 17 especially to suit us, so be there on time.



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Conspicuous attire is never in good taste. It lacks the quiet dignity that should characterize the well-groomed man.

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THE
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TO-DAY
BLANCHE SWEET
in

The Black List

A Photoplay of conflict between Labor and Capital.

JOSEPHINE CARR, Soloist

College Spirit

College spirit is a very difficult thing to define, and yet is used in college as a plea for numberless things, from breaking oneself on loans to anything else one can imagine. Here is what the Columbia Spectator says about this indefinable quality which is such an essential part of college:

"When men laugh at college spirit, they are victims of an unfortunate misconception.

"They see men practising with the various athletic squads, or working on the student publications, and they say: 'Lo, there is college spirit! Now, of what use is it?'"

"None at all, if that were all there were to it.

"But the going out for a team, or the labor involved in an activity, are not college spirit. They are not even results of college spirit. They are only manifestations of it, by-products.

"College spirit is not these things. It is something infinitely greater.

"It is the spirit of a community—of men who, living side by side, are working for the same ends and ideals. It is founded upon association. It is connected with the thousand friendships that spring up in college. It is the natural and inevitable result of the American academic system.

"It is no different, in essence, from city spirit or race spirit, for instance; but is a thousand times more potent than anything like it, because it comes to a young man at the most impressionable time of his life, and because it has its roots in the associations of his most valuable years.

"It explains why alumni come back year after year to renew the experiences of their academic career. Those things have a hold on a man. It takes years and years of disassociation to make them fade into forgetfulness, and they can never entirely be shaken off.

"Columbia enthusiasts believe Columbia spirit is a bigger thing for them than the spirit of any other college, because their associations are wrapped up with Columbia. They believe, possibly, that the men they know, and the faculty that taught them, and even the buildings where they spent their college days, are just a little better, for them, than those of any other college. Yale men think the same of Yale; Princeton men of Princeton.

"But if a man is an enthusiast for his own college, it is because he has helped to make it better than the others.

"If a man believes in the community spirit that surrounds his Alma Mater, it is because he has helped to make that spirit.

"All men have it. Some are mildly interested in it. Some merely look on. Some are in love with it.

"But a man can't love it unless he is part of it."

Editorial Note

The notice of McGill men is drawn again to the meeting on Monday next for the election of the rest of the Executive of the three major athletic clubs of the college, the Hockey, the Track and the Football Club. It behooves all members of these clubs—and these are all who have paid their universal fee—to turn out and make a quorum for this important meeting. The business of the three clubs will be done at the same time. Monday, in the Union, at 4.30 p.m.

ALLIES WERE IN NASTY POSITION

(Continued from Page 1.)

nesday we dropped some barrels overboard to shoot at. Did good shooting, too. Went ashore at Alexandria long enough to send a wire home. We entrained the same night for Suez camp Friday, at 6 a.m., found us tied up at Nepita Junction, 20 miles from Suez, plumb out in the desert. Wreck ahead, and there we stayed 25 hours. A ration train brought us bully beef, biscuits and water, and as we had a football or two we had the whole desert to play on.

Now Guarding Suez.

"On Saturday we arrived O.K. and camped two miles out of the town of Suez. On Saturday and Sunday more troops arrived, on the 29th are together, less most of our kit.

"Hope to get leave for Cairo soon. Got some newspapers, and see that the new campus is finished. Hope to live through this and visit the old place once more. Am temporary captain while on the brigade staff as brigade machine gun officer. Am also mess president of our mess, and have been busy buying new stuff.

"The 29th Division consists of all regular regiments, with the exception

of my regiment, and the regular English soldier can't be beaten.

"My brother Eric (Med. 14) is still O.K. Has been treated to German incendiary shells, the basis of which is phosphorus.

"DOGE."

BASKETBALL SATURDAY.

Team Ready for the Play-Off Clash With North Branch at Central.

A final workout for the first of the two games with the North Branch Y.M.C.A. for the championship of the Senior section of the Inter-Provincial Basketball League was held at the Central Y.M.C.A. last night with all the Senior men on hand. Mr. Lamb was on hand for the first time this season to give the boys first hand information on fine points of the game, and his advice will no doubt prove of great value. It appears, from their present form that the team should be able to take the championship from the North Enders if they do not get over anxious in Saturday's game. The game is scheduled for 8 p.m. Saturday at the Central Gym, and promises to be the feature basketball event of the college year. The team expect to see a fair turnout of McGill men at this, their final game on the home floor.

.. A MARCH TO RELIEVE ..

It is night. The almost indiscernible forms of the small party of soldiers moving noiselessly close to the buildings on one side of the street of a deserted town seem uncanny. With the exception of the faintest swish of the marching men there is no life as far as the senses can reach. It is January, 1916, on the front in France.

The men are returning to the first trenches after the periodic four days' rest given by their regiment with each twelve days in the first line. They have been at a village in back, enjoying the novelty of being out of shell range.

The town the party passes through is within half a mile of the Germans. Before the war 20,000 people lived here. Now soldiers sleep in the cellars and the other parts are full of strange things. On the march the soldiers take the side of the street protected in a sense by the tall buildings that tower irregularly. On the other side, facing the German lines, is nothing but ruins. A lighted match held in the middle of the street would seem like a powerful light at home.

With the collars of their sodden coats turned up, brushing the backs of their steel helmets, the men plod on with the slinging gait of French soldiers. It has rained steadily for the last five weeks except for a day here and there, and the soldiers are wet to the skin from the march up. In their pockets, where it is less wet, they carry a few delicacies given them in the rear. They figure how to keep these dry: themselves they are not bothered about. They have had months of this. The rain fills everything.

There are ten men in the company and the writer. The soldiers have fought together for over a year. They represent most of what remains of two companies of fine fellows—500 in all. Danger has made them inseparable friends. Each excursion back has been something taken from their ranks. On each trip up the men wonder who will be the next.

Because of its continuity, this wonder has become sort of sub-conscious thought with all, and with their resignation to fate they joke about it. A year at the front has left its marks on their minds and faces.

Like Distant Thunder.

As we pass out of the town there is a rumbling as of distant thunder. It is the heavy guns at work in a far-off sector—possibly an attack. It seems strange that the trenches can be so near in this wilderness of dead things.

Suddenly there is the poop, poop, poop of a machine gun, several sharp rifle cracks, the sharp report of an exploding grenade and all is silent again. We have taken an outside road which in daytime is viewed by the Germans from their positions on the top of a hill a quarter of a mile away. The road is forbidden to army equipment, but the soldiers themselves risk it at night. Now the careless pounding of their heavy boots on the hard road would probably bring a shell or two.

Frequently we pass forms gliding by in the opposite direction—men coming down on leave—and an occasional low word is said.

Some distance on there is an intersection. Here the company slackens its pace—more by instinct than the half imaginative masses of something looming up ahead—and the soldiers know they are not alone.

Suddenly from over the hill on the right, a rocket flares above the trenches, hangs for an instant high in the air and bursts into a great ball of greenish light, making day for an instant, then leaving the strange land in more than ivory blackness than ever.

Instantly there is the rattle of many chains, a multitude of low voices and the muffled creaking of heavy wheels under the strain as the leader of the long line of daily equipment to the batteries and the men in the trenches get the lay of the land in that instant and proceed. They have come up through a small village inhabited by soldiers on a less exposed road. The trenches run off at this point, and there is more freedom of speech and movement.

We fall in alongside the caravan up a long straight road. We have come upon more soldiers, and another rocket shows a whole column marching in front. At the top of the road there is another village—the last one before the trenches.

Here the drivers of the teams, with the exception of a few who press on, pull up, and amid much confusion, but little noise, unload and return to safety in the rear.

Here and there is a light along the unexposed side of the road in the shadow of the houses. The men take chances. On the other side of this village the houses are also down. The street now is a jumble of horses, wagons and soldiers. The Germans dropping shells on the road at this time of night often kill as many as a score of men at a time. The street runs with blood, but the work goes on.

Red Cross Ambulance

As we approach the centre of the town and take a road to the right leading up to the trenches a low canvas-bodied automobile with large red crosses on its side glides noiselessly by through the jam to a dressing station some distance on along the protected side of the street. It goes for wounded who are being brought down from the trenches according to a message telephoned back to the base a short time ago. Soldiers in

the road and drivers pay the machine the greatest deference.

As our party proceeds up the long, winding road, we suddenly and involuntarily lower our heads and crouch before the consuming roar and merciless shriek of a shell tearing through the air. It goes over and shrieks into the street with a deafening, ripping crash. Two more shells follow and we wonder what is happening behind, but the soldiers keep on walking.

Several minutes more, guided periodically by the blinding glare of the rockets over the trenches, we come upon a graveyard. It is a typical front cemetery, full of trenches and individual mounds—according to the time at the disposal of the grave diggers, marked by little crosses and pathetic emblems of fellow comrades, little houses of stone, rude inscriptions and the like. Here lie 10,000 of the men who have fallen in this section of the Argonne. As we pass we can remember much.

Past the cemetery the road enters what is left of a wood. Frequently sentinels block the path and demand the watchword. Five months ago the Germans were at this point, but they have since been driven to the other side of the hill. There is nothing but darkness on either side of the road, but the soldiers know that to enter a foot would be impossible. Barbed wire intertwined so thickly among the trees makes this section now almost impenetrable.

Some distance on there is the hint of a light from a dugout or something on the side away from the Germans.

There is a terrible rumbling crash that seems to tear away the hill and the earth shakes as one of the over-ground mines explodes. But whether in a French or a German trench the soldiers do not know. Immediately several high explosive shells tear across from the German side and explode with deafening crashes in the woods on the left.

The earth shakes again and back, ground, and pieces of trees fall stone into the wood near the soldiers, who again press on after crouching for an instant. Then there is the report of several exploding grenades from somewhere in front, and all is quiet again. But not for long, for almost instantly the silence is broken by several sharp reports from somewhere in the rear and an instant later shells tear through the sky overhead with the sound of ripping silk, to spread injury and death a second later in a German trench.

A Funny Story.

They are the French .75 guns at work. "Swine!" says one of the soldiers and there are similar ejaculations from several of the party whose tongues have been momentarily loosened by a throb of nervousness a second ago. Then someone in the crowd with a boyish face and French facetiousness tells a funny story of an experience several days before.

Here the road is barricaded. The Germans have a machine gun trained on the rest of it and it is necessary to begin walking in the trenches. Several entrances are gone over and various signs read before the right one is discovered. Progress immediately becomes laborious. Somebody leads the way. To get hopelessly lost in this tangle of ditches is usually a matter of a few seconds to the unacquainted and new ones are being dug all the time.

The trenches are better this winter and the soldiers are equipped with boots that come to the hips. The water is now up to the knees and in spite of a wooden flooring, it is difficult to make headway.

At frequent intervals the trench divides and subdivides. At most of these places are signs denoting the directions, but conveying information only to the initiated. Frequently the men pass soldiers coming back and bid each other good evening.

We are near the first line now and guided by the rockets. These seem weird and ghostlike. As they roll about in the air high overhead, reminding one of a great eye of some fiendish creature of another world, they make strange things with the splintered stumps of trees, the few dried leaf clusters here and there that seem to cry for mercy in the wind and the men passing in the trenches.

It is no longer a land of men, beating hearts and thoughts. A former world and hopes of other days are but memories with most of the beings who pass their time here. It is something apart from the world of their past lives, as though they are living on another planet.

The ground above has been tossed about several feet deep for over a year. They say there was once a beautiful forest here and a haunt where the roundabout swains saw their sweethearts. The wood took its name from a priest. But now there is nothing but blackened stumps, an occasional gnarled branch and a few warped leaves clinging shiveringly on, and blood-soaked ground.

Human voice is scarcely heard now except in distress. As we listen, from somewhere out there comes a low, whining voice that sounds as if it is pleading. We have been hearing it subconsciously for the last several minutes. It could almost be the call of a wild thing. Like the countless other voices of months back out there it becomes weaker and weaker and the soldiers say they can do nothing.

In the interval since the last rocket we have fumbled around in the trench and lost our way. The next

glare shows that we are walking away from the first line some distance down a connecting trench. As we are about to turn back there is a dull thud and a faint chug-chug-chug that sounds like a steam engine in the distance. Instinctively all of the party fall face down in the water where they stand. A shower of debris fills the air and falls over us. Fortunately none of the party is hurt. The Germans are bombarding the trenches with the overground mines.

By the light of another rocket we once more make for the first line. A couple of hundred feet farther on we pull up at the brink of a hole big enough for the cellar of a house. Dust and suffocating smoke arise from the crater and overhead hangs a great cloud. Morning probably will show a few remains of what has been in the trench, but there is not much of a tale to tell.

The soldiers, now vividly cursing the "Boche," the "dirty swine," find a trench to the right by the light of another rocket and a minute later we are in the first line. The soldiers scatter along the line relieving various sentinels. The latter look haggard and ghastly by the light of the rockets. They are glad of a release from the strain for a six-hour rest in the third line before the next watch.

The Germans have been bombarding the trenches with mines and grenades, they say, and in their faces are lines of terrible strain. Their comrades do not ask how many have been killed and wounded. They give one another parting salutes and bid a good night and good luck.

The relief poke their rifles through the little holes at intervals of about sixty feet and watch. The trenches are arranged in a snake-like fashion so that when a shell strikes no more than two or three men will be killed or injured. The water here is a little higher than the knees. First trenches as a rule are merely ditches.

A Listening Post

A sergeant with our company walks along the line for short distances, making observations. At one point a short trench shoots off perpendicularly toward the Germans. It stops about half-way between the French and German lines, which at this point are about ninety feet apart. A man of exceptional hearing is stationed at the end.

He waits there to catch what is possible of what the Germans are saying. Several times the French were warned of impending attacks in this manner. The Germans have discovered his place, however, and he expects every watch to be his last. He commands the respect of his regiment and has been decorated. Like the other soldiers, he knows that to be slightly wounded is the best that can happen. He has his hopes.

As the sergeant comes to this ditch one of the sentinels nearby turns from his hole and greets him. He was one of our party. He is just a boy with the boyish voice and he has an indelible smile. He points jokingly to the German trenches and says something to the sergeant as he passes on. He offers me his gun to fire at the Germans.

I follow the sergeant down the line at his offer to show me the nearest machine gun. Hardly have we reached the first safety turn when there is a dull swish, followed by a sharp, tearing explosion at the place we just had left. We duck and the soldiers around us as a shower of light debris falls on our heads and shoulders. It was a grenade.

A little later we step into a connecting trench to let pass two brandardiers bearing a wounded man in a trench hammock. The fellow is drawn into a ball and badly torn at the stomach for his waist is running with blood.

As they pass we have time to catch a glimpse of a twitching but conscious face. It is the face of a boy, and there is still the trace of a smile. "I'm all right," he says as the sergeant springs over the youth and with an ejaculation clasps a hand. "It's all right with me, Henri," the boy says, quietly. "They got me this time, but it's not bad."

The sergeant's duty is here for the present. He cannot go back to the third line, so he says in a breaking voice: "God take care of you," and shakes his fist at the German lines with a look of utter hate and despair, for the two were great friends.

Some time later at the first aid station in the third line, the brandardiers have just crowded a stretcher against the wall to make room for two badly wounded men. On the stretcher is the body of a soldier—a boy who died on his way down—and on his face there is still something of a smile.

On the way back again I can hear the voice from somewhere in the waste over the trenches begging for help, cursing for help, and crying for help. It says the same things over and over again and is now faint and almost indistinguishable. My guide, who has seen a year's fighting, shakes his head and says there is no help.

It is hard to try not to listen to it. It is useless, almost, for the voice calls on and dies away as we go back. "The four days is a well-earned rest. It's great to be alive then," my friend remarks with a shrug.

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148th Overseas Battalion Affiliated with McGill Contingent C. O. T. C.

Stirred by the love of liberty and honor—called by the Empire's need—undaunted by the hardships and carnage at the Front—keen to be in at the finish—Canada's finest manhood is getting into khaki!

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Gillette Safety Razor

114

MEN OF 148TH WELL PLEASED

They Come from All Stations in Civil Life.

COMFORTABLE BARRACKS.

Only Wish Their Friends Could Know of the Good Food and Treatment.

There are 700 men in Montreal today who consider themselves born under lucky stars, and these men do not cease telling their friends that they have found a condition of things which they did not believe existed in war time. They are "the boys" of the 148th Battalion, and their reason for feeling so pleased is the way in which they are looked after in the old High School Barracks on Peel Street.

They are men who may consider themselves fairly good judges of comfortable conditions, for the battalion, which is commanded by Lieut.-Col. A. A. Magee, has in its ranks business men, college men and soldiers who are used to pleasant surroundings in their own homes.

A reporter went around the barracks from garret to cellar—if such a term could be used in a building in which there is neither one nor the other—and every soldier he spoke to expressed the opinion that no quarters could be more comfortable, no food could be better, and no man could wish for better treatment than they were getting, individually and collectively. More than one said that if only they could get some of their friends who had not yet donned the khaki to come in and spend a day or two with them in barracks, the friends would not want to leave them.

Although they cannot do this, the friends will have an opportunity on Saturday afternoon of looking over the building, for the commanding officer will allow the general public the privilege of visiting the barracks on that day, to enable the people to see the arrangements made for the comfort of the gallant boys who are training to go overseas to fight for British liberty and justice.

The outstanding feature noticed in every room was the general sweetness of the air, the immense amount of light, the cleanliness of everything, and the general air of contentment pervading. In fact, the soldiers' quarters in the large class rooms upstairs, with their high ceilings, many big windows, hot air ventilating system, with controllers in each room, seemed to be superior to the quarters in which the officers sleep.

All the administrative officers of the battalion are on the ground floor, with the exception of the medical officers' office and miniature drug store, which is upstairs; and the manner in which the old school has been planned out is a marvel of ingenuity and a great aid to the efficiency of the organization, which is most marked.

Each company has its separate office, behind which is the cubicle in which the second in command of that particular company has his sleeping quarters, so that when they are not in the officers' lounge, which is comfortably but plainly furnished, or in the mess across the corridor, the authorities can always be found in their offices or private rooms behind. Alongside the company offices is what might be called the "hub" of the efficiency wheel, for it is the recruiting office and recruiting campaign promotion office, where the machine gun officer

and his corps of assistants are continually devising ways and means of showing the able-bodied man wherein the path of his duty lies. The efficiency of this department has excited the admiration of every unit in the division, and it has drawn high praise from officers who are in positions of authority.

The colonel and his second in command have their sleeping "cabs" partitioned off from their office, while the remainder of the officers sleep in two big general rooms—as one of them put it, all such good and old friends with each other that they preferred that way to having their separate little rooms.

The whole building, so far as its interior arrangements go, has been reconstructed since the days when it was occupied by the 24th Battalion last winter, and the men are provided for in a way which gives them the minimum amount of trouble with the maximum amount of comfort. The kitchens are in the basement, each company having its set of cooking ranges and serving tables, and its staff of waiters. The system of feeding the men, under the eagle eye of the quartermaster, is an expeditious one. The men march direct to their dining halls, take their seats, and the food is placed before them by the waiters, so many to each company. The stores come in every day about 11 o'clock, sufficient for 24 hours.

The "spud squad" seems to be kept busy all day long peeling the potatoes, and the cooks are continually engaged in making puddings and pies and other things to tickle the palate after the more serious viands have been got out of the way. Everything is scrupulously clean, the food is well cooked—as good a meal as any healthy man could wish for.

The hot air furnaces are also on this floor, and in this connection it may be mentioned there has been a vast improvement. Previously the air that was sucked into the furnaces was drawn from within the building, and allowed to go up through the flues, taking with it dust and impurities that were drawn up from the floors or were floating around in the lower part of the building. Now the air chamber has been shut off, the interior whitened, and the window thrown open near every furnace, so that the cold fresh air from out of doors is drawn to the flues, passes through a cheese-cloth screen up the pipes and heated. The result is that the air that ascends to the uppermost floor and is emitted into the rooms is as sweet and fresh as possible, and from a hygienic standpoint the soldiers are better off than the majority of people who have their heating arrangements in their own houses and their double windows.

The recreation rooms of the men are large and extremely well lighted; the men have a piano, plenty of games, all sorts of papers, books and magazines, and crested notepaper, provided free of charge. There is a dry canyon in which they can purchase anything from boot laces to kola tchampane (including bottles of fresh milk, of which they consume about 120 pints a day), pies which are bought by the dozen, cigarettes specially made for the 148th, and bearing their own crest on every cigarette; and souvenir buttons, brooches, stick-pins, hat-pins, silk cushion covers, and a score of things which their relatives and friends will value as souvenirs of the battalion.

Of course there are regulations to be observed in keeping things tidy and in their place, but such is the class of men who are in the battalion that all the sleeping quarters are cleaned and tidied long before the officer makes his rounds. There are dozens of shower baths throughout the building, each supplied with hot and cold water, and they are always in use in the early mornings, although it is not compulsory. The men sleep in the approved three-tier bunks, each having its regulation amount of air space.

Around the walls are rifle racks and

blackboards, and on the latter are written orders and hints to the soldiers which all aim at making him more efficient, especially in regard to the care and use of his rifle, "the soldier's best friend."

There has been an exceptionally small percentage of sickness in the battalion—the only one in the division which has not had measles. The men are all given lessons in first aid work, how to dress a wound, support a fracture, arrest hemorrhage, how to carry a wounded man, and similar things that will be useful to them when on the battlefield. The course consists of five lectures. Dayonet fighting and physical drill are regularly practised, except when the medical officer gets busy injecting antityphoid or other germs into the men, and the whole battalion pulls together like a happy family, always ready to welcome others in its ranks and make them feel at home.

As in every battalion, there are various workshops, the pioneers who do all sorts of carpentry and similar jobs, the tailor, the boot repairer, and so on.

The battalion band, which is under the direction of Lieut. Harold Key, is making splendid progress, and will make its debut at the church parade to St. James Methodist Church on Sunday morning, while the bugle and drum band is up to full strength and is daily practising those calls which rouse officers and men alike in the early hours of the morning, guide them to their different duties through the day, and send them to rest at night.

R.V.C. LADIES TO ATTEND SING

Students will Sing Special Sacred Solos—Victrola Demonstration and Sacred Music.

As announced yesterday through the columns of the Daily, the last "Sunday Evening Sing" around the fire will be held next Sunday at 8.45 in the Reading Room of Strathcona Hall.

Final arrangements have been made with the C. W. Lindsay Co., Limited, for a demonstration of sacred hymns and solos on their Victrola. The old favorite hymns will be sung accompanied by the Strathcona Hall Orchestra.

Sacred solos will be rendered by students and L. Mahler, of the Conservatorium, will favor the gathering with piano selections.

Light refreshments will be served at 9.30. A special invitation has been sent to the lady students through Miss Barker, President of the Y.W.C.A., and a large attendance from the R.V.C. will certainly add to the attractiveness of the evening.

SCIENCE '16 PICTURES.

Fourteen Members of Class Have Yet to Visit the Photographers.

The Picture Committee wishes to remind the following students, who as yet have not had their picture taken, that the committee shall not be responsible for the appearance of their picture in the graduation picture unless taken this week, or the early part of next week at the latest:

W. H. Kelly, J. C. O'Donnell, J. E. H. Paisley, C. O. Monat, H. W. Harris, R. McCully, L. Chailoux, A. L. Fyon, W. J. Harshaw, B. R. Hooper, H. P. Hilsley, J. M. Scott, G. D. Thompson, G. Ulmer.

The committee would request these gentlemen to make their appointments at once.

W. H. KELLY,
C. W. RYAN,
Picture Committee.



The Crest of the
148th Overseas
Battalion, C. E. F.

Commanding Officer
Lieut.-Col. A. A. Magee.

Senior Major
Major A. S. Eves.

Adjutant
Capt. P. F. Stee.

"A" Company
Capt. H. F. A. Stikeman.

"B" Company
Capt. D. P. Gillmor.

"C" Company
Capt. L. M. Hooker.

"D" Company
Major A. Soden English.

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The Royal Military College
of Canada

THERE are few national institutions of more value and interest to the country than the Royal Military College of Canada. Notwithstanding this, its object and the work it is accomplishing are not sufficiently understood by the general public.

The College is a Government Institution, designed primarily for the purpose of giving instruction in all branches of military science to Cadets and Officers of the Canadian Militia. In fact it corresponds to Woolwich and Sandhurst.

The Commandant and military instructors are all officers on the active list of the Imperial Army, lent for the purpose, and there is in addition a complete staff of professors for the civil subjects which form such an important part of the College course. Medical attendance is also provided.

Whilst the College is organized on a strictly military basis the cadets receive a practical and scientific training in subjects essential to a sound modern education.

The course includes a thorough grounding in Mathematics, Civil Engineering, Surveying, Physics, Chemistry, French and English. The strict discipline maintained at the College is one of the most valuable features of the course, and in addition, the constant practice of gymnastics, drill and outdoor exercises of all kinds, ensure health and excellent physical condition.

Commendations in all branches of the Imperial service and Canadian Permanent Force are offered annually.

The diploma of graduation is considered by the authorities conducting the examination for Dominion Land Surveyor to be equivalent to a university degree, and by the Regulations of the Law Society of Ontario, to obtain the same as a B.A. degree.

The length of the course is three years, in three terms of six months each. The total cost of the course, including board, uniform, instruction, material, and extras is about \$200.

The annual competitive examination for admission to the College, takes place in May of each year, at the headquarters of the several military divisions and districts. For full particulars regarding this examination and for any other information, applications should be made to the Secretary of the Militia Council, Ottawa, Ont., or to the Commandant, Royal Military College, Kingston, Ont. B.Q. 94—12-13—52332



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ELECTRICAL CLUB SEES HELLO GIRLS

Interesting and Instructive Trip
Made Yesterday to the
Main Exchange.

At 3 p.m. yesterday about twenty members of the Electrical Club met at the office of Mr. Buckard, outside engineer for the Bell Telephone Co., for the purpose of taking a trip through the Main exchange. The party divided up into three groups, one being in charge of Mr. Buckard and Mr. Burr, and the other two in charge, respectively, of two of the other engineers.

The students were first shown where the large 400 pair cables entered the building through conduits. Each of these cables being too large to work with in the building, were split into four 100-pair cables, which were led to the racks, where they were all stranded and from which the connections to the switchboards were made. It was interesting to see such a network of wires, which to the casual observer seemed to be all mixed up, but every pair of which had one particular place.

The next part of interest was the back of the switchboard, which was one mass of very expensive cable-work. This was due to the installation of what is called the multiple jacks, and which makes it possible for any one operator to get in touch with every phone on the board, and thus eliminating the necessity of transfer trunks and extra labor in operation. In some systems it was more economical to install the transfer trunks, but where service was the main essential the multiple system was used. The front of the switchboard was then shown and the operation explained.

The various departments of the exchange room were then visited and then the parties retired (rather reluctantly) to the draughting rooms and other offices in the building. The trip proved very interesting to the students, and all were loud in their praises of the officials who so courteously showed them around.

R.V.C. UNDERGRADUATE SOCIETY ELECTIONS

The election of officers of the R.V.C. Undergraduate Society for the coming session will take place to-day. The polls will be open from 9 a.m. till 5 p.m.

The scrutineers in charge are:
9.00-10.00—Misses Mary Taylor and Bertha Baker.
10.00-11.00—Misses Grace Gardner and Mary Taylor.
11.00-12.00—Misses M. Corner and Bessie Fraser.
12.00-1.00—Misses Ethel Henry and Bessie Fraser.
1.00-2.00—Misses Mabel Corner and Ella Jackson.
2.00-3.00—Misses Grace Gardner and Ruth Cream.
3.00-4.00—Misses Ethel Henry and Bertha Baker.
4.00-5.00—Misses Ella Jackson and Ruth Cream.

PENN. WANTS MILITARY TRAINING

Philadelphia, Pa.—Acting on the petition of 2000 students of the University of Pennsylvania for a course in military training, the trustees on Monday appointed the following committee to act in the matter: John C. Bell, John Cadwalader, Joseph C. Rosengarten and Robert G. LeConte. All are trustees and all are said to favor the course proposed. The student body is enthusiastic over the plan.

SCIENCE 1919 HAD BANQUET

Enjoyable Evening Spent at the
Corona by Freshmen.

GOOD IMPROMPTU TALENT

Donald Beach Played a Waltz
He Had but Recently
Composed.

One of the private dining rooms of the Corona Hotel was the scene of a banquet held by Science '19 the night before last. The banquetters assembled about eight o'clock, and after waiting a little while for the late-comers sat down to a five course repast to which every one present did full justice.

The Class President, Ed. Grace, then called upon different members of the class to give impromptu toasts. The King, the Science Faculty, the McGill Daily, the Ladies, Musical Talent, Athletics, our American Friends, the Late-Comers, and many other worthy toasts were called for and given, generally in a more or less humorous vein. H. Moquin's speech on "Our American Friends," produced much amusement by his many sarcastic references to some of those present. Billy Kearns, in a style all his own proposed the health of "The Ladies," prefacing his toast by declaring he was not a "fusser," to which statement everybody present objected.

The climax in speech-making was reached, however, when Honey, the Vice-President got upon his feet. He spoke of the future and of the many opportunities Science '19, and in fact all Science men, would have in raising the standards and taking a leading place in the many branches of McGill life. He urged every one when they had an opportunity of electing officers of any kind to elect the best man, no matter in what class or faculty he might be.

Instrumental numbers on the piano by Don Beach added much to the interest and the variety of the program. A waltz recently composed by this musician was called for and given. McGill yells, Hail Alma Mater, and popular songs led by Wickware and Beach at the piano added the finishing touches to a good impromptu program.

About 11.30, the party, each one wearing a red and white cap with the numerals "19" on it, which had been purchased for the occasion, sallied forth in a body. The class paraded up St. Catherine street as far as the St. Regis, then over to the R.V.C. Strathcona Hall and the Wesleyan College, giving McGill yells and letting the public know that Science '19 was out for a good time. The class dispersed with the wish that many more such banquets might be held.

COACH CUTS SQUAD.

Coach F. J. Daly has made the first cut in the Williams College baseball candidates. The squad has been reduced to 35 men. The squad contains ten first-year men, several of whom give indications of promise. Seven "W" men and several substitutes from last year remain. While the veteran Young will probably be called upon to do most of the pitching, Debevoise, Foster and Smith are all showing up well.

SIGNAL SECTION

There will be a muster parade for this section on Saturday, at 2.45 p.m. Leave will only be granted in special cases.

G. D. THOMPSON,
Lieutenant.

UNITS FOR RELIEF OF WAR REFUGEES

The Hon. Mrs. Bertrand Russell
Interviewed Yesterday at
the R. V. C.

The Hon. Mrs. Bertrand Russell, who is to speak before the Women's Canadian Club on "English Women's Work for the War," is to-day Miss Hurlbatt's guest at the R.V.C. Mrs. Russell has been on a visit to the United States, speaking on behalf of maternity units for the relief of refugees in Russia from the war zone.

Early last autumn, when the tide of war swept over Poland and Galicia, driving the civilian population by millions before it into Russia, the executive of the National Union of Women's Suffrage Societies was asked whether the society could not make some effort to organize a relief unit from the women of England to work among the suffering women and children from the war zone. Heartrending accounts of their suffering reached us. Though these things are inevitable in a state of war and invasion, it was felt that something must be done. Refugee help could be organized by Russia or preparations made to receive them, refugees poured into the cities and villages. They had tramped enormous distances; children had been born and died by the wayside; old and young alike drifted onwards; behind them fire and sword, in front an unknown future. Sickness, suffering and hunger were ever with them. Committees were formed and feeding points established, and barracks erected. But these things take time especially in a country where distances are immense and means of communication few. The women arriving in barracks were exhausted, and so their babies died, and thus toll was taken of the future as well as of the present. In view of these conditions it was decided to offer a small highly-qualified unit, which should devote itself mainly to maternity work, including as much baby clinic and children's welfare work as possible, which would check the spread of sickness by improving conditions. The British Women's Maternity Hospital is the name shown in Petrograd for our hospital. If we succeed in Petrograd and the all-important money difficulties are overcome, there is much more that we ought to undertake. Thirty miles from Petrograd is the town of Gatchina, packed with refugees. Our administration has visited a batch of 500 Polish families, where two or three children are dying daily.

In a letter to Miss Hurlbatt, Mrs. Russell says: "My address is called 'English Women's Work for the War.' I will include a good deal of praise for the Canadians' work, and the story of how I adopted a dear Canadian boy who landed his aeroplane in our garden at Arundel."

Lance-Corporal H. S. Fry, Law '16, serving with No. 8 Canadian General Hospital (McGill), has been promoted to the rank of corporal.

Pte. Almon, who has just joined No. 3 Canadian General Hospital (McGill) in a draft from Shorncliffe, is a part student of the University, having been a member of Med. '89. He has spent the last 25 years in South Africa and served against the Germans in West Africa before joining the Canadians in England.

Mapor E. W. Archibald, Med. '06, is temporarily attached to No. 1 Canadian Casualty Clearing Station. He was formerly with No. 3 Canadian General Hospital (McGill).

"WETS" AND "DRYS" DECIDE BY VOTE

The Annual Meeting of Medical
Society to be Held on Fri-
day, March 24.

Friday evening, March 24th, is the date of the Annual Meeting of the Medical Society. At this meeting the reports of the year's work will be read, there will be election of the officers and committees for next year and a vote will be taken on the proposed amendment to the constitution.

The Reports to be read are those of the secretary, the treasurer and the chairman of the reading-room committee.

The officers to be elected are: Honorary President, President, Vice-President, Secretary, to come from class '19, Assistant Secretary, from '20; a Case Reporter, from '17; Chairman of Reading-room Committee, from '17; two members of the Council from the Faculty, and one from '18. The Treasurer has already been elected from '18; he is H. H. Pitts. Also there is to be a member of the Reading-room Committee from each class. These elections will prove most interesting and concerns every man directly. No one can afford to stay away.

The men do not need to be reminded that at this meeting the amendment to the constitution concerning the future dinners of the Society is to be voted on. It is not the wish of this publication to uphold either side of the question and even the President of the Society would not make any statement for publication, so each man must decide for himself and not only decide for himself but be there and cast his ballot as a member of the Society and one directly concerned.

Men make their fires on the hearth,
Each under his roof tree,
And the four winds that rule the earth
They blow the smokes to me.
—Rudyard Kipling.

UNDERGRAD. IN MESOPOTAMIA

Second Lieut. Lighthall to Relief
of Townshend.

O. B. REXFORD RETURNING

Lieut. E. S. Wilkinson, Sci. '16,
Killed in an Air Fight on
January 3.

Second Lieut. William S. Lighthall, Arts '17, is in Mesopotamia with the 3rd Dorset Regiment, serving in General Aymer's army operating to relieve General Townshend. The latter's force includes the 2nd Dorsets to which Second Lieut. Lighthall is attached. Lieut. Lighthall served for several months in the Royal Canadian Dragoons, before securing his commission in the British Army. At McGill he was secretary of the Arts Undergraduate Society.

Word has been received by the relatives of Sergt. O. B. Rexford, Arts '15, who is a member of the 2nd University Co. (P.P.C.L.I.), stating that he will shortly return to Canada. Sergt. Rexford's discharge is accounted for by the fact that he is at present convalescing from a severe attack of enteric fever and will be unfit for further service. He is well known about the University, especially in the Faculty of Arts, and letters received from him since he left Canada have on several occasions appeared in the Daily.

The sympathy of all Mr. Spencer Wilkinson's friends, says London Truth, will be with him in the loss of his son, Lieutenant E. Spencer Wilkinson, whose death has been reported, after he had been returned as missing for some weeks. Born in 1890 and educated at Marlborough, he went to Canada to study engineering at McGill University, Montreal. He was spending his summer vacation at home when the war broke out, and he was given a commission in the 1st Battalion of the London (Territorial) Regiment. His battalion went to Malta for garrison duty in September, 1914, came back to England in February, 1915, and then went to France. After a narrow escape of being blown to pieces at Fromelles by a high explosive shell on September 25, Lieutenant Wilkinson got attached to the 1st Squadron of the Flying Corps as an observer, and he was killed in an air fight on January 3.

Lieut. H. C. Wert, Med. '15, is now attached to a Field Ambulance unit on the eastern front. He holds a commission in the Royal Army Medical Corps and went overseas with No. 3, Canadian General Hospital (McGill).

Lance-Corporal H. S. Fry, Law '16, serving with No. 8 Canadian General Hospital (McGill), has been promoted to the rank of corporal.

Pte. Almon, who has just joined No. 3 Canadian General Hospital (McGill) in a draft from Shorncliffe, is a part student of the University, having been a member of Med. '89. He has spent the last 25 years in South Africa and served against the Germans in West Africa before joining the Canadians in England.

Mapor E. W. Archibald, Med. '06, is temporarily attached to No. 1 Canadian Casualty Clearing Station. He was formerly with No. 3 Canadian General Hospital (McGill).

DEAD, NOT FORGOTTEN.

Torontonensis Has Decidedly Military Tone.

The editors of Torontonensis, just published for the benefit of University students, experienced unusual difficulties this year in collecting their material owing to the fact that a good percentage of the members of the graduating year are at the front.

The military section occupies first position, and is a unique feature inasmuch as the dedication is "In Memoriam" of the student associates dead on the battlefields of France and Flanders. Besides the pictures of this noble band, who fell defending our Empire and the cause of civilization, these pages include the names of a larger and no less heroic company "on active service."

The message of President Falconer states, in part: "The names of those from this University who, within the past year, have fallen for their country will be held in perpetual remembrance for their honorable career. What they did in a few months will be a memory retold in old age by their comrades to their children, and many a student in the future will wonder what manner of men they were, and will ask himself whether if the call came to him he also would face his duty as they did, and die as they died."

AT UNIVERSITY SETTLEMENT.

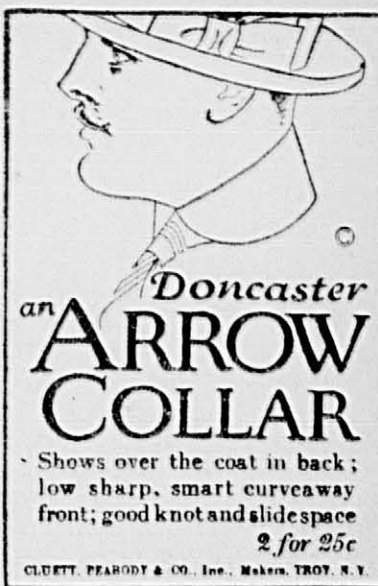
At the regular meeting of the People's Forum to be held at the University Settlement on Sunday, March 19, the Hon. R. Dandurand will lecture on "Compulsory Education." A vocal trio consisting of Miss Atwater, Mrs. Ewing and Mrs. Granger, will furnish the music for the occasion.

TAGORE LECTURE.

The lecture by Mr. Rustom Rustomjee on the Indian poet, Tagore, to be given in the Royal Victoria College this afternoon, is at 5.15 instead of 5 o'clock.

PROPOSED TENNYSON MUSEUM.

Lincoln, Eng.—A scheme is on foot to establish in the public library at Lincoln a home for Tennyson manuscripts, editions of his poems, portraits, busts and personal relics, as has been done in the case of Wordsworth at Grasmere. Only very slight expenditure is contemplated, loans or gifts of actual exhibits being considered preferable in time of war. The approval of Lord Tennyson has been secured, and he has already sent a number of valuable loans, whilst Lord Crewe, Lord Rosebery, Lord Curzon, Lord Bryce, Rudyard Kipling and other influential people are also supporting the scheme.



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PROVINCE of QUEBEC

Department of Colonization, Mines and Fisheries.

The chief minerals of the Province of Quebec are Asbestos, Chromite, Copper, Iron, Gold, Molybdenite, Phosphate, Mica, Graphite, Ornamental and Building Stone, Clays, Etc.

The Mining Law gives absolute security of Title and is very favourable to the Prospector.

MINERS' CERTIFICATES.

First of all, obtain a miner's certificate, from the Department in Quebec or from the nearest agent. The price of this certificate is \$10.00, and it is valid until the first of January following. This certificate gives the right to prospect on public lands and on private lands, on which this mineral rights belong to the Crown.

The holder of the certificate may stake mining claims to the extent of 200 acres.

WORKING CONDITIONS.

During the first six months following the staking of the claim, work on it must be performed to the extent of at least twenty-five days of eight hours.

SIX MONTHS AFTER STAKING.
At the expiration of six months from the date of the staking, the prospector, to retain his rights, must take out a mining license.

MINING LICENSE.

The mining license may cover 40 to 200 acres in unsurveyed territory. The price of this license is Fifty Cents an acre per year, and a fee of \$10.00 on issue. It is valid for one year, and is renewable on the same terms, on producing an affidavit that during the year work has been performed to the extent of at least twenty-five days' labor on each forty acres.

MINING CONCESSION.

Notwithstanding the above, a mining concession may be acquired at any time at the rate of \$5.00 an acre for SUPERIOR METALS, and \$20.00 an acre for INFERIOR MINERALS.

The attention of prospectors is specially called to the territory in the North-Western part of the Province of Quebec, north of the height of land, where important mineralized belts are known to exist.

PROVINCIAL LABORATORY.

Special arrangements have been made with the POLYTECHNIC SCHOOL OF L'AVAIL UNIVERSITY, 223 ST. DENIS STREET, MONTREAL, for the determination, assays and analysis of minerals at very reduced rates for the benefit of miners and prospectors in the Province of Quebec. The well equipped laboratories of this institution and its trained chemists ensure results of undoubted integrity and reliability.

The Bureau of Mines at Quebec will give all the information desired in connection with the mines and mineral resources of the Province, on application addressed to:

HONORE MERCIER,

Minister of Colonization, Mines and Fisheries, Quebec

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